THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

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IMAGINARY STOCK:

A NEW SHOP.

Messrs. EDITORS,

If you have not a supply of stock from the Manufactory of your Regular Imaginary Stock *Correspondent, you may give the* contribution *of*

The LOOKER-ON.

—"SUCH THINGS ARE."

DO not men, who walk unworthy of their vocations, deal in imaginary stock?—He who pays his taylor, his shoemaker, his barber, his blacksmith, his printer, his butcher, &c. in *fair promises*, instead of Cash—does he deal in a medium better than imaginary stock? *No!* is the answer of those who *trust* those mechanics.—He whose *pliable* honesty takes a FEE on two sides of a cause, and swears to be true to *both*, deals in imaginary stock.—He who *prays* in adversity, and *swears* in prosperity, be surely deals in imaginary stock.—Those who possess only the *chaff* of honor and honesty, can deal only in imaginary stock.—The statesman who talks of *Public Gratitude*, too often talks of imaginary stock. The disinterested friendship of nations, is imaginary stock.—And is not the disinterested assistance of pretended friends, also imaginary stock?—He who *professes* friendship for *one* and *gives* it to *another*, deals in imaginary stock.—He who talks of his Independence of Spirit, and will cringe and fawn, and *spaniel*-like lick the hand that cuffs him, and sacrifice his sentiments to the caprice of *great men*, does he not deal in imaginary stock?—He who sells *cheap* wares which are good for nothing, deals in imaginary stock.—Do not men, who tell their constituents they have acted for the best good of the *whole* in voting for the interest of only a *part*, deal in imaginary stock?—If a man tells me he is my FRIEND, and at the same time thrusts a dagger in my breast, I must conclude that he deals in *dangerous* if not imaginary stock.—Notwithstanding a man may *outwardly* appear a very zealous good christian, may repeat his creed and say *long* prayers twice a day, and put on a *Sunday face* as long as the dagger with which the *honorable* GEN. GUNN stabb'd a man, yet if at other times you find him quite as bad as his "*awful wicked*" neighbors, if you find him deceiving, over-reaching, cheating, and backbiting all he deals with, you may depend on it he deals in imaginary stock—and I much fear he in the end will *reap the fruits of his*

labor,

labor, and receive his reward in *imaginary happiness!*—That man who *promises* much, and swears a *big oath* to perform all; it is to be feared he deals in imaginary stock. He who contends that *his own* way and opinion are *better* than any other, has REAL impudence; but he deals in imaginary stock—*This, in Religious opinions, is the worst kind of stock.*—Does not the man, who *to-day* urges a point which he forgets or DENIES *to morrow*, deal in imaginary stock?—But he who establishes his word by the mouths of *many witnesses*, when his veracity is doubted, he does not deal in imaginary stock.—He who boasts of an honorable pedigree, of wealth, anceftorial merit, &c. deals in imaginary stock; he merits the honorary degree of N. S. *nunsfeuill.*—When horse-jockies, adulterers, sorcerers, and drunkards, talk of honesty and sobriety, you may set them down as *wholesale*-dealers in imaginary stock.—The idle booby who turns school master and collegian to *get rid of work*, and undertakes to instruct your children in "*polite literature*," without any knowledge of even the *theory* of it himself, deals in imaginary stock. Do not those who talk of Charity, [SWEET MAID] and tell the naked starving mendicant "*go, be ye filled and clothed*," without contributing their *mite* to relieve his necessity; I say, do not such deal in imaginary stock?—No doubt many beggars, who tell of losses by fire, &c. deal in imaginary stock: But, is it not better to give to *two* undeserving vagabonds; who appear in the habits of *begging*, than to turn away empty, *one* REAL sufferer?—*Doubt* answers, I *may* thus give to the unworthy—Hear what CHARITY sayeth, "*Give even at the risk of that; heaven will approve the liberality of the heart.*"——The man who *can* have the impudent effrontery to tell the world that he is an honest man, a *good christian*, an affable neighbor, a charitable benefactor; that he wishes *your* happiness more than *his own*, and a thousand other *pleasant things* of himself—when in fact LONG EXPERIENCE proves the direct contrary, you may depend upon it that that man (be him whom he may) has a *design* upon you; he has a much stronger love for your *money* than for your happiness: and we may safely conclude that he will never FAIL for want of *Imaginary Stock*. The man whose *examples* confound and contradict his *precepts*; what is his else than imaginary stock?—*Equivocating* christianity, *doubting* faith, are imaginary stock.—If a lady *hesitates*, when her HONOR is assayed, you may suspect hers to be imaginary stock.—There is in the world, and near home too, various other kinds of imaginary stock, which others may if they please, deposit in your Imaginary Stock Shop window, for public examination—as I imagine that your imaginary readers begin to imagine by this time that I have contributed my share of imaginary stock, I assure them that I have yet some left in my imaginary head: but, lest their imaginary patience should dub me an imaginary fellow, I will conclude this imaginary "FARRAGO" with one more suggestion, which popt into my imagination when I was reading the

Congressional

Congressional abstract in your last STAR, viz. Did not "Tom Blunt *the gentleman*" deal in imaginary stock, when he challenged George Thatcher to fight a duel? This is good business! said I, for Congressmen, to fight about words!—And notwithstanding some Jacobinical sticklers may imagine that Mr. Thatcher's imagination with respect to the Frenchified expression "*requisition*," was *whimsified*, and his a trifling objection; yet, as our Jacobins are founded on *trifles*, I imagine it is the best way to avoid their trifles, and not suffer those trifling fellows to trifle any longer with the American character, our Independence, National Dignity, &c.——Those who receive 6 dollars a day from the public, and spend one half their time in the "*airing coach*," and the other half in advocating French phraseology, French principles, French friendship, French fraternity, French invulnerability, French firmness, & Jacobin honesty and patriotism; they certainly deal in imaginary stock.

MATRIMONIAL.

For the NEW STAR.

Messrs. RUSSEL & DAVIS,

If those of your readers who wish to Court or be courted, the following observations may not be unacceptable.

IN order to happiness, matrimonial *similarity of disposition* is considered as the main thing. But perhaps the matter would be better stated at *harmony* of disposition; for though I am not "a man of music or a music man," yet I am "one who delights in tunes," and have often observed that fifths and eighths in music are even more agreeable than unisons—but what is more, if in choosing companions for life, we aim at similarity or *unisons* in disposition, and happen to misjudge and vary a little, so as to be connected with one whose temper to ours will be as *seconds* or *fourths* in music—(aye, there's the rub!) then all the fancied harmony of domestic bliss will be like Billings's famous tune *Jargon*—discordant. *Goodness* of disposition, however, is so requisite, that it can by no means be dispensed with; and, says a sensible English writer, "Good nature is of such importance, that without it the concord of the matrimonial state can never be complete, and it cannot therefore be amiss to *make some experiments beforehand*, of a temper that is to be blended with your own, to heighten or imbitter all the comforts of your life."

Among the ends for which marriage was appointed, says the church service, "One was the procreation of children," and in regard to their being of a bright genius, sensible, witty, and so on, I will venture to affirm that a companion is to be preferred constitutionally *unlike* ourselves—"*A great contradiction is the glory of youth*," said a humourous French gentleman, as he was plentifully charging a bowl with the sweet and the sour, on an Election day—so it is the glory of children, where the light complexion and dark, the

hot

hot and the cold, the dough-baked and the high-seasoned, intermarry together. Individuals also should (in forming these connexions, important to their posterity as well as themselves) seek to remedy in the next generation any *extras* with which their personal form may be attended :—When at breakfast, hold a table or tea spoon before your eyes horizontally, look on the back side of the bowl, there you will see a face in latitude immense, but in its length strangely contracted, looking truly like—*Mother Quasi*. Now ladies turn the handle down, hold the spoon perpendicularly,—surprizing! forehead two stories high! eyes not queerly closed as before, but wide staring! nose elongated! You can't but laugh, see what teeth! as snipe's bill, long and narrow.——Now if you please Miss ——— just look in this pocket-mirrour, a true "*plane*"—observe the image, all uniform composed,—beautiful,—which image is as it were made up and compounded of the other two which you have just been giggling at.

This lesson of the spoons rightly attended to, would be of incalculable benefit, in the improvement of the human species; would in a few generations do away most of the uglinesses of personal form, and would at the same time better the faculties of the mind. It suggests that the lean and lank should always seek to intermarry with the fat and the plump—the gigantic with the dwarfish; and that the tall, who walk as upon stilts, should marry with the low, who seem as if settled on their knees, that so their posterity may stand like other folks in stature on their feet.—— Should a man with *Shandean nose*, choose a wife by *similarity of profile*, what but monsters could he expect as the fruits of his folly; whereas should he take to himself some one whose nose scarcely makes any prominence perceptible, the rising generation would indeed call him *blessed*. 'There were giants in the earth in these days,' says a very ancient and authentic historian, which race I do not believe as some do, to have become extinct, but that by wisely intermarrying with those small in stature, they by degrees became assimilated to common human forms.—In fine, ladies and gentlemen, who have yet to form those connexions which will make or mar your happiness for life, avoid not only your cousins, your blood-relations, but all *constitutional* similarities, which are in a degree liable to the same objections.

MARCELLUS.

Domestic Miscellany.

Messrs. Russel & Davis,

IN your proposed plan, you inform us, that the New Star will appear every Tuesday morning: But so it is, that it is not visible to us, till late on Wednesday. Make public, if you please, our regrets of this, which may be a useful hint to our otherwise very good post, and induce him to make a little more *Speed*, which well becomes, I think, the *progress of light*.

HORATIO.

☞ *The post not being supernatural, or of the serpentine form, he cannot be in*

all

all the towns, or trunk into every by-road, at one and the same moment, hour or day: and when it is remembered that regularity *is the characteristic of the* Orbs of Light, *and that post-horses may tire by too fast driving, it is hoped that due allowances will be made by the patrons of this* Star.

THE *MONITOR.*

"Haste thee—that time improve,
"Which art can ne'er regain."

TIME is like a fleeting shadow that is quickly past, and returns no more. It is like the disappearing veil of the morning, dissolved by the sun; it is gone we know not where—yesterday is past; it has fled; we have lost it forever!

Since the days that are past return no more, and the hour that is gone cannot be recalled—The employment of the present time demands our highest attention.

Be mindful, O Man! that the present is only our's, the future is yet unborn, and may not come upon us; therefore, it is our greatest concern to employ every moment to the best advantage.

Banish indolence from thy dwelling, and let not idleness enter thy gate. Be not like unto the man of sloth, who lets his time pass neglected by, and glides away like "water under a bridge,"—who sits while he ought to be up and doing. He sets apart to morrow to amend—he has something that detains him to day. To morrow comes—it goes—he is not ready, but thinks with himself another time will be more convenient.—He defers his intentions to one day more; that also comes and goes in the same manner, while he prolongs the time to another day, and thus his time passes away, and he is not ready to begin.

His senses are absorbed; he amuses himself with vain phantoms, while he loses the reality.

Wretched and thoughtless to waste time in such inactivity, when the employment of every moment is required on great and important occasions.

Indolence deprives a man of the use of those faculties, which, by a proper execution, could call forth the latent seeds of virtue, that lie dormant for want of cultivation.

Transitory as this mortal life, and short as our time is, can any imagine that they have any to lose.

Rouse thyself, O ye careless;—improve the present time; seize the moments as they are flying; let not a minute escape, which if once lost can never be regained.

Defer not till the evening what may be done in the morning; nor let the sun go down and leave you unprepared.

"Dare to be wise, begin to day;" trust not in futurity, nor place your hopes in time far distant, lest it never arrive, and your pains be too late.

The time we live ought not to be measured by years, nor our lives by length of days, but by the use that has been made of it, by noble actions performed, and by virtuous deeds.

Some die old at *twenty*, and some die young at *four score*—i. e. Old in Sin, and Young in good works and honesty.

PARNASSIAN RIVULET.

[BY DESIRE.]

☞ *The following is from the pen of* DIBDEN—*Volumes could not say more in its praise.*

NANCY—or, the SAILOR's JOURNAL:

A FAVORITE SONG.

'TWAS post-meridian half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted:
At six she lingered on the shore,
With uplift hands, & broken hearted:
At seven, while taughtening the fore-stay,
I saw her faint or else 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under way,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With temper'd labor cannot weary.
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When, ev'ry true bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog all hands delight
To toast their sweet-hearts & their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the Element in motion,
Plunged me & three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves—
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wife,
Like light'ning, rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, & thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs, together.
At seven, up channel bore we here,
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,
At twelve, I gaily jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy!

EPIGRAM.

What! always gaming nights & days!
Said Sylvia to her brother;
Will you ne'er leave it off I pray?
Dear sister yes—some time or other;
I'll throw the dice and cards aside,
When you requesting cease.——
Go, naughty man, Sylvia replied,
Thou'lt be a gamester all thy days.

BANQUET of COMUS.

ANECDOTE

Of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

POPE was much deformed in his person, and very frequently made use of the words *God mend me*, when surprised of a sudden.—It was the custom in London, in dark nights, to have boys to serve as lighters—for their trouble they were allowed three pence, to light a certain distance. Pope was returning home a very dark night, when up stepped a lighter to light him home—when he arrived at his lodgings, he asked the boy what he must pay him—six pence sir—six pence, exclaimed Pope—"*God mend me*, that will never do"——*God mend you, sir!* (says the boy surveying him) *he had better make a new one.*——Pope was so much pleased with the wit, that he gave the boy two or three shillings—A man of true wit is pleased with it, although at his own expense.

SIRRAH, says a justice to one brought before him, You are an arrant knave. Says the prisoner, Just as your worship spoke, the clock struck TWO.

A PREACHER in one of the southern states, who used to spend much of his time at the card table, having sat up very late one Saturday night at his favorite amusement, was somewhat drowsy in the pulpit the next day; and while the congregation were singing, he paid his devotions to Morpheus. In the mean time the Psalm was ended, and the audience waiting for the after exercise. One of the Deacons perceiving him to be asleep, jog'd him in order to awake him; whereupon he started up, crying out—"*Hearts to Trumps, by G—d.*" But with confusion perceiving his mistake, he artfully changed into——"*I say, let your hearts triumph in God.*"

CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady happened one Sunday to sit in the same pew—During the course of the sermon, the youth read something in the eyes of the fair, which made a much deeper impression on his soul than the pious lecture of the parson: as love is seldom at a loss for an expedient, he presented her with the following verse in the second Epistle of John:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as tho' I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." After perusal, she in answer opened at the first chapter in Ruth, and 16th verse—"And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Thus the treaty was proposed, which in a little time was fully ratified by the parson.

A PERSON speaking very respectfully of a blind gentleman, said among other things that he was a *good looking man*. An Hibernian in company, struck with the apparent blunder, exclaimed, "By the

the holy Shanon, if I had ſaid as much, I ſhould have been accuſed of making a bull.—How can any one be a *good looking* man when he is ſo ſtark blind that he can't *look* at all."

WIT.

"*Life is a* JEST, *and all things ſhow it.*
"*I thought ſo once, and now I know it.*"

AND really, Sir, we are a wittieſt people on earth. Every thing ſerious or ſacred is made a JEST of—to come to an untimely end, is only "to go off at the drop—and to die in one's bed is, "to kick the bucket." To be on the verge of bankruptcy, a ſituation not the moſt deſirable, is only to be DISBED—and there are above fifty pretty, witty, genteel and ſoft expreſſions, to denote that imitation of brutality, DRUNKENNESS. A man is affronted, if you tell him that he was DRUNK on ſuch a day; but he takes it as a compliment, if you inſinate that he was "a little groggy,"—or "how came you ſo?" To accuſe a gentleman of ADULTERY would probably produce a challenge; but to whiſper that he has had an "affair of gallantry" with Mrs.——, is the moſt pleaſing flattery.—— Should you be ſo very dull, and ſtupid, as to accuſe another of murder, it is ten to one but he brings you into the court of King's Bench; whereas if you praiſe him for behaving as A MAN OF HONOR, when he PINKED the fellow whoſe wife or daughter he had debauched, he will ſhake hands with you moſt cordially.

Indeed, Sir, this is carrying things too far. It is being witty overmuch, when by ſuch fine and polite expreſſions, we familiarize ourſelves to crimes, which never ought to be mentioned without abhorrence. The proper ſubjects for the exerciſe of wit ſeem to be exhauſted, and proper PLACES are changed for others not quite ſo proper. Hence we hear of a ROAR OF LAUGHTER in the SENATE; A GENERAL SMILE on the face of the whole congregation in a CHURCH; and a GOOD JOKE, which makes even the judges laugh, in a COURT OF JUSTICE! While our play-houſes are as dull as conventicles, and our plays contain every thing except that which provokes mirth. To modern tragedies, indeed, I allow a certain portion of the VIS COMICA; but no thanks to the author, for it is the audience who make their own entertainment here.

THE TIMES.

THE "TIP" of the day is, to dun and be dunned, to ſue and be ſued; then to pocket the RINE and elope:---This faſhion meets the approbation of many people in the United States.

DETACHED THOUGHT.

HNMAN life may be compared to a game of cheſs. For, as in the latter, while a gameſter is too attentive to ſecure himſelf very ſtrongly on one ſide the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other.